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of the volcanoes in the Cordilleras of South America, those of Sumatra, Java, the Moluccas, and nearly all in the islands of the Pacific, — in all of which we hear of terrific eruptions occasionally breaking out from mountains which were not previously suspected to be of volcanic nature, or from the adjacent waters.

ART. IV. — *Histoire de Napoléon*, par M. DE NORVINS.
Deuxième Édition en quatre Tomes, à Paris et à New York. 1829.

History of Napoleon, by M. DE NORVINS.

THOUGH scarcely known in this country, the History of M. de Norvins is generally esteemed in Europe the most valuable work hitherto published on Napoleon and his age. It has been rendered into several of the continental languages, and should before now have been placed, in a good translation, in the hands of English and American readers.

We refer to it, however, at the present time, for a different purpose from that either of analysis or criticism. We propose to throw together some notices of a personage, who, for a brief space, occupied a prominent position in that eventful history ; — one of those many actors on a busy scene, whom time silently sweeps away, and whom the world so easily forgets, as soon as they have ceased to be the immediate objects of hope or fear, of admiration or animosity.

In a newspaper of last autumn, among the scraps of foreign intelligence, our eye fell upon a hasty announcement of the death of Maria Louisa, Archduchess of Parma, widow of Napoleon Bonaparte ; one, who, had she been so happy as to have died twenty-seven years ago, in giving birth to the heir of that splendid royalty which then she shared, would have had her praises proclaimed from the pulpits of all Christendom, and her last words registered in the annals of nations. But she outlived her fair destinies. Clouds settled round the sunset of her day ; and she went down in silence and loneliness, unheeded and unlamented, lost in the crowd of monarchs, an outcast from renown.

In giving a short biographical sketch of this princess, it

would be unreasonable, as well as fruitless, to aim to revoke the sentence which condemns her name, if not to oblivion, to obscurity. The writer of this notice (born her subject though not interested in her memory by any benefit or injury) might be pardoned a momentary feeling for the indifference with which she is dismissed ; but no one certainly has a right to wonder, that other interests should so absorb the attention of our sober and peaceful contemporaries, as to leave them no leisure to look at the exit of such personages as played the tragedy on the same stage where we are now acting the comedy ; whose errors and follies, whose stormy vicissitudes, prepared this blessed period of tranquillity in which we are privileged to live. Still it may be thought worth while to place on record some notices of such a life, that, if curiosity should at any time be rekindled concerning it, an humble monument may remain to guide others in their researches.

The life of Maria Louisa, during the period of early womanhood, is already in the charge of history. As long as she was sailing on board the lofty ship, that seemed for a time to have chained the winds at its stern, the eyes of all Europe were fixed upon her. When that proud vessel went down, and she was cast ashore amidst the wreck of that sudden disaster, the world lost sight of her ; and the last page of her biography is blank, like that of the seaman thrown by the waves on the coast of a desert island, and effaced from the roll of the living. But, before we come to our subject, before we endeavour to fill up that blank page, we must recall to the memory of our readers what most of them well know, and what in consequence we shall give in few words, the life of our heroine from her birth to the fall of Napoleon.

Maria Louisa Leopoldine Caroline, Archduchess of Austria, eldest daughter of the Emperor Francis the First, and of the second of his four wives, Maria Theresa of Naples, was born at Schönbrunn, in 1791. She was bred like other daughters of monarchs. She was taught to speak French and Italian, and to play on the piano, with all the other appendages of drawing, dancing, and riding.

Born at the very dawn of those tempestuous events, in which Austria was so long and so disastrously engaged, and in which, by a succession of disgraceful campaigns, her father lost, one after another, the best provinces that a succession of

marriages* had added one after another to the possession of his ancestors, Maria Louisa had learnt from her nurse never to think of the French without shuddering with horror, never to finish her prayers till she had added a curse upon the name of Napoleon.

But fortune favored the brave. The ruffians, who had shed torrents of blood, who had overturned altar and throne, who had led her aunt Maria Antoinette to the scaffold, and, by long outrages and famine, coldly murdered her child, — now they had come. The blond youth of Austria had perished on the fields of fair Italy, on the Raab, at Essling, at Wagram, in a vain attempt to oppose their progress. The squares of Vienna were still silent and desolate, where the French had pitched their tents. Schönbrunn was still polluted, where the insolent Corsican had established his head-quarters. The crowd of archdukes were just returning from Buda, where, fugitive and exiled, they had received laws, such as it had pleased the proud conqueror to dictate.

Yet that conqueror was not inexorable. Her imperial family, in their haste to escape from imminent danger, had abandoned her, sick, alone, in distress, in the palace of the capital, in a besieged city, almost at the mercy of the enemy; and the generous enemy, in a moment of chivalrous gallantry, had ordered the palace to be respected, and his bombs to be directed elsewhere. The conqueror was not inexorable. Twice had Austria lain prostrate at his feet, and twice had she been spared; and now, when, availing herself of favorable circumstances, she had broken all faith and truce, and provoked the vengeance of her enemy, when revenge would have seemed as just as it was profitable and easy, the magnanimous enemy still listened to proposals of peace, and granted it on such moderate terms as Austria had not dared to expect.

Austria had lost all. She had no longer any provinces to give up. She could not pretend to bestow on the invader what was already indisputably his. There was only one gift by which the vanity of the Corsican *parvenu* could still be won upon. Austria, now struggling for her very existence, did not hesitate. She stained by a *mésalliance* the arms of the proud house of Hapsburg. She gave up her blood and

* "Bella gerant alii; tu, felix Austria, nube;
Nam, quod Mars aliis, dat tibi pulchra Venus."

flesh. She gave up Maria Louisa ; the peace of Vienna was sealed ; Cesar was restored to his throne. And now the enemy of her father, of her country, and of her God, must acquire over her the most sacred rights. She must look upon him with fondness and deference ; she was the fairest of his conquests, the wife of his choice ; she must be the mother of his children.

The language of the court was changed. The brigand chief had become a leader of heroes. His pedigree was found to ascend to a prodigious antiquity. The jacobin general was now the anointed of the Lord. He had restored order to France, and peace to Europe. The Aulic Council called him their friend. Francis the First called him his brother. He was as generous as fortunate. He was the Alexander of our days ; and, like Alexander, he was to choose among his enemies a bride, who should endear to him the shade of his laurels, who should make him love the security of peace, and the comforts of home.

Maria Louisa listened, and prepared for the sacrifice. The mild creature never knew how to show any repugnance to other people's desires. She had been taught to hate, and she hated ; she was now bidden to love, and she married. On the 11th of March, 1810, the nuptials were celebrated at Vienna, Berthier prince of Neufchatel representing the person of Napoleon. Two days afterward the bride proceeded towards France.

In a little village near Soissons, a single horseman, in plain dress, rode by her carriage, and approached as if to reconnoitre more closely. The carriage stopped, the door was opened, the cavalier entered, and they proceeded together. Thus did Napoleon, by an unceremonious surprise, introduce himself to his bride ; thus was her love romance commenced and finished. During the three following days, she was led through all the ceremonies of the French court, and, March 31st, she received the nuptial benediction from Cardinal Fesch, uncle of Napoleon.

Maria Louisa was then in the flower of her age. Her stature was above the middle size ; her complexion fresh and blooming ; she had auburn hair, Austrian eyes and lips ; her hand and foot served as a model for the *Concord*, a statue of Canova. Her temper was sweet and gentle. An obedient and dutiful wife, she won the affection of her warrior, by all

the charms of youth and innocence. Her modest and artless deference could not fail to conciliate his despotic and wilful temper, and her unaffected tenderness was repaid with kindness and regard. Her intellectual faculties, it is true, were far from equalling those of her unfortunate rival Josephine, who exerted a useful influence upon the mind of her consort. Maria Louisa could do little more than bless and smile. Napoleon loved her the better for it. His ideas of the sex he had expressed to Madame de Staël, when that ambitious lady asked him who was the woman he liked best in the world. "*Celle que fait plus d'enfants,*" replied the destroyer.

A year had scarcely elapsed, when Maria Louisa made him father of a son. Never was a child more noisily greeted at his coming into the world, nor could ever a woman be prouder of her offspring, than was the fortunate mother of the king of Rome. All Europe was awakened by the thunders announcing her happy *accouchement*. High mass was celebrated at all altars. Monarchs and princes came to attend the baptismal solemnity. Napoleon felt as if the revolving wheel of fortune had by that event been stopped for ever. Alas for him, that event was the last of unmingled prosperity. His impious war of Spain raised against him the execration of the just; the imprisonment of the pope excited against him the zeal of the pious; his campaign of Russia armed heaven and earth against him.

His hour had come. The Divinity, that had determined his destruction, maddened him first, and made his bewildering greatness the instrument of his fall. While starting for his last campaign of Germany in 1813, with the vain hope of conciliating his father-in-law, he placed his dutiful wife at the head of the regency which was to govern in his absence. His ingenuous empress, his mild and inexperienced companion, whom he had always called *ma petite oie*, "my little goose," was raised at once to the government of a tottering empire, in the midst of intrigues and factions, in days of perils and storms. Her task, however, was not so difficult as might be supposed. She received, by the mail from her husband, the speeches she was occasionally to deliver before the Senate; by her side was constantly sitting Cambacérès, the archchancellor, the right eye of Napoleon in all political transactions; and the *yea* and the *nay*, by which the regent answered all questions, were always dictated by the nod of the

minister.* The destinies continued adverse ; the French territory was invaded ; the flood threatened from every part. While Napoleon by marvellous efforts checked the allies on the right, they prevailed on the left, and arrived under the walls of the capital. Maria Louisa, who had nothing to fear from the besiegers, among whom were her father and brothers, without waiting for the result, insisted on being sent to Blois ; and thither she was accordingly escorted by twenty-five hundred men, the very soul of the garrison of Paris. Three days after, the capital surrendered ; and eleven days later the Emperor abdicated his crown at Fontainebleau.

Maria Louisa, willing or unwilling always without a will of her own, was obliged to follow her father to Vienna. In his exile, in his mock empire of Elba, Napoleon received visits from his mother and sisters. Friends and servants appeared by stealth, in haste, with a tear of regret, or with a ray of hope for better days. Towards the August of 1814, another visiter came ; a fair lady with a fair child in her arms, sailing from the neighbouring shores of Italy, with an air of great precaution and mystery. Napoleon received her with great attention, covered the child with his kisses, and clasped the mother to his bosom. There she remained two days and two nights, jealously hidden from public curiosity. Then, with the same secrecy, preparations were made for her departure. Napoleon accompanied her to her barge, and stood upon the shore, long eagerly gazing upon the fading sail. Whence that lady had come, whither she was going, who she was, could not then be told. It became, however, afterwards, but too certain, that the lady was not, as history would fain have recorded, Maria Louisa, nor the child, the king of Rome.†

From the Isle of Elba, Napoleon started for new for-

* We find among the memoirs of that epoch a little anecdote so universally asserted, as to leave small doubt of its authenticity. Napoleon, who was not always careful in the choice of his expressions, in a fit of impatience against some show of a reluctant spirit on the part of his Senate, walking up and down in a passion, and stamping upon the floor, had exclaimed, "*Ce sont des ganaches*," "They are blockheads." Maria Louisa, who was not much beyond the elements in her French, timidly approaching him, asked for the meaning of the word, *ganache*. Napoleon answered with visible embarrassment, "Why, — it means, — clever fellows." Maria Louisa treasured up the word. During her regency, being pressed to answer some difficult question, "Let us consult the archchancellor," said she, "*qui est le plus grand ganache de tous*."

† It was afterwards understood, that she was a Polish countess from

tunes. His eagle once more spread its wings over France ; his standard once more waved on the battlefield. One of the first cares of his reëstablished empire, was to assert his sacred rights over his wife and child. But Austria no longer dreaded his power. Austria was now at the head of his enemies ; and Maria Louisa, under the paternal protection, and a prisoner in the Austrian court, was learning to forget her husband, and embroidering the banners which were to confront his eagle. An attempt was made, by the friends of Bonaparte at Vienna, to carry off his empress and heir, whom Napoleon had promised to present to the people at the *Champ de Mai*. But the plot was discovered, and Maria Louisa remained at Vienna till after the battle of Waterloo.

A fugitive, a prisoner, a victim chained, Prometheus-like, for torture, to the rock of St. Helena, Napoleon seemed never to think of his wife but with the fondest affection. His empress and child were the object of a profound anxiety. His letters and messages to her were reiterated with vain but incessant assiduity. The first question he addressed to all visitors, was about her. To her he gave his last thoughts, his last words. To her, in his last will, he intrusted all he still fancied himself to possess. To her love and kindness he recommended all such friends as had any claims upon his gratitude ; his veterans, the companions of his glories, the sharers of his disasters. Whatever might have been his opinion of his empress during his life, he seems to have died her enthusiastic lover.

We are now about to consider how she responded to his esteem and affection, and how she realized the expectation of the world. We are to see her abandoned to herself, acting as an independent sovereign, at the head of a small but flourishing state, preceded by a fair reputation, rich in brilliant recollections, and mistress of her will.

At the epoch of the treaty of Fontainebleau, in 1814, the allies, having to dispose of the empress, thought of indemnifying her for the loss of her august titles, by giving her a share in the spoils of Italy ; that unfortunate Italy, which, in all political transactions, has always been dismembered and parcelled to balance accounts. It was resolved, that she should

Warsaw, the heroine of one of the few love intrigues in which Napoleon ever indulged.

be duchess of Parma, Placentia, and Guastalla, and her state was to be transmitted to her son as legitimate heir. The attempts of Murat, king of Naples, to make himself master of Italy, the troubles of the whole peninsula, and subsequently the return of Napoleon from the Isle of Elba, prevented the princess from being sent to her states. After the battle of Waterloo, Bonaparte's son was rebaptized ; instead of his paternal name Napoleon, he was called Charles Joseph ; his title of King of Rome was changed into that of Duke of Reichstadt ; he lost all right to his mother's succession, and was withdrawn from her guardianship.

Maria Louisa had no spirit and no capacity for resistance. They bade her put off the arms and liveries of her husband ; to divest herself of the title of empress ; to forget Napoleon ; to surrender his son. In all she was obedient. Widowed and childless, but surrounded with pomp and magnificence, all things being settled and disposed for her reception, she left Vienna and hastened towards her humble metropolis. Greeted and applauded wherever she passed in her journey, she drew after her the best part of the population of Lombardy. Parma was crowded with strangers of all nations and conditions. They were especially the friends and servants of her husband, French and Italian warriors of the Russian and German campaigns ; disappointed people, who looked to her as the centre of their discomfited party, and to her son as the *spes altera mundi*.

The show and triumph displayed on the occasion, the enthusiasm excited by her appearance, were unexampled in the annals of Parma. The first intoxication of the Napoleonists, however, considerably abated, when they heard that her son was not with her. The disappointment was still greater, when the new government, thanking them for their good wishes, desired all strangers to return to their homes. The festivals were soon over ; the capital was restored to order ; and Maria Louisa was left alone with her subjects.

The duchy of Parma and Placentia, one of the most fertile portions of the lovely vale of the Po, bounded on the north by that noble river, on the south by the ridge of the Apennines, on the east by the Enza, and on the west by the Trebbia, two tributaries of the Po, measures about twenty-two hundred square miles, and has now nearly half a million of inhabitants.

Parma and Placentia, formerly two noble republics, proud

of the monuments of valor registered in the annals of their days of liberty, in 1508 were added to the territory of the church by the warlike Julius the Second. They were subsequently erected into an independent duchy by Paul the Third, who invested with them his son Pier Luigi Farnese ; and remained as a possession of that family until its extinction in 1748. Then, after long wars which cost Europe more blood than the states were worth, they were adjudged to the Infant Don Philip, of the Spanish house of Bourbon. Ferdinand, heir of Don Philip, found himself involved in the catastrophe of the French invasion ; and in 1802, Parma and Placentia were united to the French republic and empire, under the appellation of the Department of the Taro.

Maria Louisa, enthroned in prejudice of the legitimate heir, found at her arrival a flourishing state, enriched by the gold lavished upon it during the Spanish dominion, by the comparative peace it enjoyed during the first storms of the French revolution, and by the commerce and industry awakened by the active government of the lieutenants of Napoleon. Parma, its capital, a pleasant and lively town, with a population fluctuating between thirty and forty thousand souls, lies on a smiling plain upon the banks of a small river from which it derives its name. Its frank and hospitable inhabitants have always rivalled the largest capitals in every department of intellectual culture. Under their last Spanish duke, Don Ferdinand, enjoying the blessings of an uninterrupted peace, the University of Parma had been ranked among the most celebrated of Europe. While the prince, a weak and bigoted spirit, amused himself with singing litanies and ringing bells with the monks, the people cultivated letters and arts, and Parma was honored with the flattering appellation of the Athens of Italy.*

It was then difficult to misunderstand the course to be taken by the newly installed government. Days of repose having finally returned, the happy and liberalizing pursuits of peace were now to be resumed. Maria Louisa was perhaps by taste and inclination addicted to all kinds of refinement, and naturally inclined to declare herself a patroness of learning and art. But, had it been otherwise, the genius of the place would have prevailed over her. A taste for such accomplishments is

* See Botta, *Storia d'Italia*. Lib. II.

communicated to all the foreign rulers of Italy at their first arrival. They seem to breathe it with the air of that delicious country ; with the very perfume of the flowers of its fields. The University prostrated since the days of military despotism, the Academy of the Fine Arts ransacked by the commissaries of the French government, were by the new sovereign restored in part from the ravages of the recent convulsions. Her comparatively mild government brought many conspicuous personages from the neighbouring states, and her munificent encouragement soon called all talents into exercise.

Turning her attention to more durable monuments, she laid the first stone of a magnificent bridge on the Taro, one of the mightiest of torrents ; a gigantic work, which cost her seven years of care and several millions of francs ; a colossal structure of stone, with twenty arches, nearly half a mile in length, wide enough to give passage to four carriages abreast, without contradiction the noblest bridge in Italy, and perhaps in all Europe.

This bridge being achieved, she set at liberty some twenty inmates of an ancient female convent, pulled down their cells, and raised upon those ruins a golden theatre, a splendid temple to the arts, rivalling in magnificence the Scala in Milan, and the San Carlo in Naples. She bestowed upon it large sums under the title of dowry ; she called around her every kind of performers ; she was proud of possessing an unequalled orchestra ; and, since the Italians give up every thing for music, she afforded to her subjects music to their hearts' content.

Her bridges, however, her theatres, her superb villas, her magnificent train, her regiments of grenadiers whom she dressed and undressed with the capricious fondness of a girl for her dolls, her profuse liberality to stage-players and fiddlers, before long exhausted her finances. Commerce and industry languished ; taxes pressed hard on the laboring classes, and the state ran merrily in debt.

Money went to Austria under a thousand pretexts, and without pretexts. It was now a tribute of vassallage, now a bargain of alliance. Manufactories were closed, as injurious to Austrian industry ; steamboats were stopped as encroaching upon Austrian commerce. Maria Louisa paid her expenses when a guest at the court of her parents ; she paid the board of her son, whom they held as a prisoner.

Her ignorance and submission to the commands of her father account for the mismanagement of the funds of her subjects ; she could, so far, do no better ; — but the enormous amount of her civil list, her foolish prodigalities, and above all her restless peregrinations, were not less fatal than the insatiable cupidity of Austria.

No sooner had the swallows of the first spring returned, than she began to feel uneasy within the walls of her palace. It was now the desire of embracing her son at Schönbrunn, now her sister at Munich, now her cousin at Naples. And, wherever she went, there followed a long caravan of dames, pages, and grooms, horses and chaises, dogs, parrots, and monkeys.

The monarchs of Europe, made wise by recent events, had adopted an economical style of travelling, in order to enjoy more comfort and freedom, and especially to spare the purse of their subjects. The emperor of Russia was seen travelling in a modest carriage and two, under the name of Count of Moscow ; the King of Naples appeared in the North of Italy with two attendants, as the Count of Aversa ; the petty duchess of Parma alone kept up in her journeys all the splendor of the purple. Out of mere kindness, her subjects and allies continued to her the title of Majesty ; she went through the world in all the pomp of the late Empress of France. The newspapers expatiated on her splendid attire and her unbounded liberalities. Her arrival was an event, her progress a triumph. While she was making so much noise abroad, her people were quietly starving at home.

Yet she continued honored and beloved by them. Her conduct was considered as the consequence of the vile policy of Austria. They believed her unacquainted with their miseries. Among the common sufferings, a word of sympathy was always reserved for her. They called her *the poor betrayed*, — *la povera tradita* ; and, at her return, the warmest reception always awaited her.

It was not rare, however, that some friend took pains to inform her of the true state of things. More than one appeal was made to her sensibility. There is no free press in that country, but truth knows how to find its way to the throne. One year she was preparing to set out on a voyage to Naples. She had hired a frigate of the King of Sardinia, and furnished it like the barge of Cleopatra. The harvest

had been very scanty, the winter very severe. Her people murmured and groaned. On the eve of her departure, at supper, under her napkin a little note was discovered ; it was in a few lines the voice of her people. Maria Louisa read and turned pale ; she bit her lips, and shed tears of rage ; her courtiers were confounded ; but on the morrow, the *poor betrayed* was riding to Genoa, and three days after sailing for Naples.*

To these causes of public discontent, other grievances of a more serious character were added, helping to undermine her popularity. As early as the days of her triumphal entry into

* The name of the author of those lines is not known, nor the means by which they reached their address ; but here is the sonnet, as the circumstance gave it a notoriety, which it could not have claimed merely as a literary production.

“ Va pur, Luisa, e t’accompagni Iddio ;
Di Partenope bella al noto lido,
Te, al piacer sacra, invan de’ figli il grido
Distorria dal materno alto desio.

“ Va ; di te, di tue cure in cieco obbligo,
Lieta veleggia insino in grembo a Gnido ;
Nè temer l’onde o il barbaresco infido,
Chè ai re propizio è il fato, altrui sì rio.

“ Va, nè t’arresti, no, miseria o pianto ;
I sudditi lasciar del sire è l’opra,
Spirar tacendo è degli schiavi il vanto.

“ Va pur ; qual sei, qual vali, il mondo scopra ;
Terra i sudditi tuoi cerchino intanto,
Che lor ossa spolpate un dì ricopra.”

TRANSLATION.

“ Go then, Louisa, and God be with thee ;
Sail on for Naples and its lovely sky ;
Let not thy sons with their importune cry
To thy maternal wish a hindrance be.

“ Go ; from thy cares, from all thy duties free,
Go far beyond, where Venus’ temples lie ;
Pirates or storms, fear not ; the watchful eye
Of Providence guides kings across the sea.

“ Go, let no grief, no tears thy joys forefend ;
’T is the lord’s pride to raise on tears his throne,
The pride of slaves to die without a groan.

“ Sail on ; throughout the world thy glory extend ;
May earth be granted to thy sons oppressed,
To lay their sorrows with their bones at rest.”

her states, the general enthusiasm excited in her favor had awakened the jealousy of the cabinet of Vienna. They felt as if the rock of St. Helena, and the walls of Schönbrunn could not assure them against the charm attached to the name of Napoleon. The family of Bonaparte, scattered, exiled, or closely watched by the police at Rome, appeared to be disarmed for all ambitious attempts. All hopes and wishes were thus turned towards her ; and situated, as she was, in the centre of the boldest population of the peninsula, it seemed, that, at the first shout of emancipation, she would be placed at the head of the nation, and proclaimed regent of Italy.

Austria saw this, and, with that same indifference with which she had been sacrificed to the interests of her family and given up to her enemy, it was now decided, that she should be prostituted to her courtiers, and undone in the opinion of the nations. Her ruin and infamy, we say, were resolved upon as a *coup d'état* ; by which we shall be understood to affirm, that such was the confident belief of her subjects. History shrinks from the responsibility of asserting a political profligacy so atrocious.

To undo a weak and unsuspecting woman, amidst the intoxication of a loose and dissipated life, alone and unadvised, surrounded by snares and intrigues, with a warm and passionate temper, in want of some object of affection, hopelessly separated from all its legitimate objects, was but too easy. A few years had scarcely elapsed, when the report of her misconduct had already degraded her in the eyes of Europe.

We have now arrived at the most painful part of our task ; at the period of that long Iliad of guilt and woe, of shame and remorse, where the heroine disappears, to give place to the woman. We deem it however our duty, in giving some account of her degradation, not to take notice of all popular scandals. We guard ourselves against any departure from the strictest and best ascertained historical truth.

Adam Halbert, Count of Neipperg, lieutenant-general of Hungarian light-horse, was appointed by the Aulic Council private secretary to the Duchess of Parma. According to the scandalous chronicles of the times, the secretary and the lady had been long before familiarly acquainted. General Neipperg, it was said, made part of the brilliant train, which escorted Maria Louisa, bride of Napoleon, to the fair destinies, which awaited her in France.

Be this true or not, their mutual situation in Parma could not fail to bring them soon into the closest intimacy. In affairs of state and parties of pleasure, riding, dancing, hunting, and travelling, they were constant companions. The general had orders never to depart from his mistress's side ; she had orders never to move a step without him.

Neipperg was a tall, fine-looking personage. His age at his arrival was not much beyond thirty. He had a bright, warlike countenance, and, when seen on his left side, he was a striking type of manly beauty. In his early campaigns, in a close engagement, the lance of a French hussar had deprived him of his right eye. That honorable wound was carefully covered with a black band, and there remained charm enough in the eye he had left to win a weak woman's heart. It was but too soon, and alas ! before the 5th of May, 1821,* that Maria Louisa began to prefer her groves of Sala and her parks of Colorno, to the watchful curiosity of the city. It was too soon, that her pale brow had sunk from its habitual expression of Austrian pride ; that she was confined to her apartments for long intervals ; that, in short, the King of Rome ceased to be without a rival in her maternal tenderness.

The report of her weakness spread. In Milan and Turin the Italians, always bold and independent in the theatre, received her with loud cheers ; " Long live the Countess of Neipperg." But a countess of Neipperg was living in Austria, and, by the arrangement of the congress of Vienna, Maria Louisa, in case of marriage, was to be bereft of her states. At length, however, the lovers, having found themselves both in a state of widowhood, and the cabinet of Austria having yielded its consent, with great secrecy and haste, in a small chapel at Naples, they received the nuptial benediction ; and this

" Connubium vocat ; hoc prætexit nomine culpam."

The epoch of her long connexion with General Neipperg was one of the happiest for her subjects. Neipperg was a man of generous and liberal sentiments. Endowed with a mild, though rather an obstinate temper, he abhorred violent measures ; and, whenever he did not labor under unfavorable prepossessions, he always stood firmly for the cause of justice and truth. He was very popular. He spoke not only Italian, but even the vulgar dialects of the country ; his style of living

* The day of Napoleon's death.

was simple ; his manners affable and easy. In public calamities he was zealous and active for the cause of humanity ; in public seditions he appeared alone and unarmed, disarming popular fury by the calmness of his countenance.

The days of Neipperg's administration were over too soon. In 1827, his regiment, his family, his courtiers, and the whole population attended his funeral ; his helmet and sword were laid by his side ; his war-horse was slain on his tomb. Maria Louisa departed for Vienna. The public voice pronounced, that Count Neipperg did not carry all her affections to his grave ; that he was not during his lifetime the sole master of her thoughts. We have already rejected such accusations. But the melancholy fact is, that there was in her conduct more than enough to authorize all kinds of idle conjectures. Her good people were highly scandalized. " Daughter of the North," they were ready to say, " is it thus, that you give lessons of continence to the glowing bosoms of the sons of Italy ? Is it to set such examples, that Heaven bestowed upon you a sceptre, a succession of illustrious ancestors, the glory of a beautiful name ? Is it for such an occupant that we kneel before the throne, and bring the fruit of our toil to its feet ; that we address prayers to Heaven for its security ? "

Such discontents were not always expressed in whispers. The people of Parma have, in the worst of times, been famous for boldness of speech. Maria Louisa could hear their murmurs, and read their lampoons. Unequivocal marks of disrespect met her everywhere. She was indignant at it. She changed her manner towards her subjects ; her subjects changed their feelings towards her ; and, when the general vicissitudes of the peninsula in 1831 arrayed all the population in war against their governments, Maria Louisa had already become an object of contemptuous dislike.

The public mind had been unsettled in Italy from the epoch of the fall of Napoleon. The disappointment of the hopes excited by the French invasions had spread over the country an aspect of gloom. The Holy Alliance had prevailed over Napoleon, only by appealing to the deepest feelings of the nation. The English and Austrians marched over Italy in 1814, preceded by the most sacred promises of emancipation and freedom. Secret societies, bound by terrible vows and bloody rites, under the general name of Carbonari, were multiplied with wonderful activity, to second the efforts of the allies, and

rid Italy at once of the French. All along the ridge of the Apennines, the bold peasantry of the mountains were armed against the remains of their armies. The invader being driven out, and the ancient governments reinstalled, the Italians had soon recovered from their illusion. They found the Austrians worse enemies than the French. The new governments proved more insupportable than the military despotism of Napoleon.

The Carbonari rallied ; and, with a talent for conspiracy peculiar to the countrymen of Machiavello, laid deep mines under the thrones of their princes. Spain, equally deceived, equally betrayed, had already shaken off those fetters, which she had incautiously cemented with her best blood, and forced Ferdinand the Seventh to sanction by oath her free institutions. The astonishing success of liberty in Spain encouraged the efforts of Italy ; Naples in 1820, and Piedmont in 1821, rose in open rebellion. The King of the Two Sicilies, and the King of Sardinia, were both compelled to receive laws from their subjects. Those two revolutions, however, took place at different periods, and without concert. The perjured monarchs, at the head of Austrian armies, marched against the rebels while yet discordant and unarmed ; and the torch of revolt, kindled in those two provinces without resistance, without resistance was quenched. Rome, Milan, and the petty states of Central Italy, had stood awaiting events. Prevented by circumstances from taking an open part in the movement, they had secretly seconded the efforts of the Neapolitans and Piedmontese for the national cause, and were in consequence involved in their fate. The active police of Austria exposed plots and conspiracies, where they were, and where they were not. Everywhere prisons were filled, and scaffolds erected. The days of terror had come.

In that emergency, the government of Maria Louisa proceeded with its usual clemency. General Neipperg refused his countenance to any effusion of blood. A few Carbonari were cast into prison ; a few others exiled. Some examples were made of young men of high rank and high expectation, who were chained hand to hand with ruffians and highwaymen, and sent to the galleys of Genoa.

Scaffolds, dungeons, and banishments had their usual effect. The passions of the indolent multitude were awakened ; they started with horror ; they looked on with sympathy.

What had been at first a timid conspiracy, became an open rebellion ; what had been the opinion of a few, became the passion of all ; the spirit of resistance pervaded all minds ; the march of the governments was checked at every step ; in all controversies, public opinion always pronounced against power. The victims were followed in their exile with anxious benedictions ; their prisons were visited as the shrines of martyrs ; their blood was gathered at the foot of the scaffold, and thrown towards heaven with prayers for a speedy hour of revenge. Politics had become the favorite topic of all circles. They preyed upon the heart like a consumptive disease. Pleasure had lost its zest ; theatres and masquerades, their attraction. The abodes of vice, deserted, mourned over the improvement of morals.

Such was the state of Italy at the epoch of the French revolution of 1830. The first tidings of the stormy days of July had the effect of an electric shock. France, that nation fatally destined to drag all Europe after her, had again raised the first cry. Belgium had followed her example ; Poland had thrown the gauntlet to her northern oppressor ; now or never was the moment for Italy to start from her torpor. The members of old political associations rallied ; the scattered links of the national bond were soldered anew ; the friends of the country met with, and recognised each other at a glance, and saw each others' faces radiant with pride and confidence. Private feuds were forgotten ; private interests sacrificed ; the differences of rank were levelled, ancient prejudices were laid aside. The dawn of liberty everywhere manifests itself by the same symptoms ; it is a universal reconciliation, a reform, a redemption. The men in power looked sad and pale ; their tone was manifestly lowered ; they put on their kindest look, their best smile. The minds of numbers thus disposed, what remained was, to give the reëxcited energy a favorable direction. For this the secret societies provided, and the people, as usual, looked towards them for a signal. Having studied the causes of the unfortunate issue of their attempts in 1820, the Carbonari were carefully extending their correspondence, so as to prepare all elements for an instantaneous general explosion. They knew that the greatest effect was to be expected from Naples and Piedmont, the two largest sections of the country, and, by their standing armies, the main strength of the nation. The Italian soldiery, brave and well trained, impatient of the

severe discipline and of the stagnating life of their garrisons, had always been, and were now, impatient for a new state of things. A revolution at Naples and Turin was now easier than ever ; and the principal actors in the conspiracy spoke of it with a boldness, which nothing but the certainty of success could inspire.

An unexpected incident, however, occurred to impede the regular march of affairs, and the impatience of the friends of liberty hurried on the project to its injury. Charles Felix, King of Sardinia, was on his deathbed ; his heir apparent was that Charles Albert, Prince of Carignano, who had already espoused the popular party in 1821, and, in that first effervescence, had been hailed King of Italy. His subsequent treasons and his cowardly apostasy had somewhat dishonored his name ; still it was a general belief, that at his accession, through ambition at least, he would stand at the head of the movement. The immediate death of the old king would thus have prevented in Piedmont all effusion of blood, and its armies, sound and untouched, would have marched over Lombardy, where the great contest with Austria was to be waged.

France, meanwhile, had already succeeded in arming Belgium, Poland, and a good part of Germany in the cause of its own newly-adopted principles. Italy alone was still silent ; and her apparent indolence, and the slow and cautious proceedings of her Carbonari, excited the discontent of the French court, which wished to see Austria engaged in some different work from that of watching its own policy.

Towards the end of December, 1830, under the administration of Perier and Sebastiani, the French government announced, that France assumed not to be the *propagandist* of liberal doctrines ; that she would never, directly or indirectly, conspire against the peace of her neighbours, or take part with the people against their legitimate governments ; but that, in return, no government, under the pretext of alliance, should interfere with the political revolutions which might take place in other countries, France being determined to use all her power to secure fair play for the two parties, in case of political differences between sovereign and subjects. This proclamation, too well known in Europe under the name of *non-intervention*, determined the course of the Italian revolutionists.

The existence of every one of the existing governments of Italy depended exclusively upon the overbearing influence of

Austria. That influence withdrawn, they could not stand for an hour. The smallest states of central Italy, certain of success, since the question was now to be decided within the limits of their own territory, could not be induced to wait longer.

One fair morning of February, 1831, a few days after the accession of the present Pope, the students of the University of Bologna, assembling in haste in a coffee-house in that city, without arms, marched in a crowd to the palace of the Cardinal Legate, and peremptorily signified their determination no longer to acknowledge pope, cardinal, or priest, as a temporal ruler. The Cardinal had nothing to reply ; he called for his carriage, and bade the postilions take the road towards Rome. The Bolognese disarmed the Pope's troops and carabineers ; pulled down the keys of St. Peter, and sang ribald verses against him ; created a national militia, installed a provisional government, and cried, "Huzza for Italy." Faenza, Rimini, Ravenna, and all the towns of Romagna followed the example with as much rapidity as the mail could bring them the tidings, and liberty ran wild and victorious to the walls of Ancona. The garrison of that citadel deserted their post, and joined the insurgents. The ardent youth of Romagna, with arms and artillery, and with experienced leaders, set out for the capital. In less than a fortnight they arrived in sight of the Vatican. Here the French ambassador came to meet them, and enjoined on them to proceed no further. The insurgents obeyed.

While the revolution was thus stopped in the south by the behest of France, it came in contact with Austria in the north. The Duke of Modena, the most extravagantly cruel of tyrants, was already at war with his subjects. He had discovered a conspiracy in his little capital ; and, ascertaining that the insurgents were assembled in the house of a principal citizen, he led his battalions and artillery against them, besieged and bombarded the house, and took it by storm in two hours.

He had hardly taken breath from this exploit, when tidings reached him of the events of Bologna. The Duke put himself at the head of his victorious force, took his treasures, his children, and his prisoners under its escort, and hastened beyond the Po, to place himself under the shield of Austria. His unfortunate subjects, recovered from their terror, sent a

hearty execration after him, and hoped they were to have no more of his company. Thus had the insurrection reached the confines of the territory of Maria Louisa.

The animosity between this lady and her subjects was now at its highest pitch. The public revenues being totally exhausted, the successors of General Neipperg, worthless emissaries of Austria, had had recourse to the desperate expedient of paper currency. A tremendous riot of the laboring people had forced the government to abandon that measure. Tumults and mutinies sprang up among the students of the University, and several young men of the best families were arrested, and sent to a fortress in the heart of the Apennines. The pride of the highest and the interests of the lowest classes were thus equally wounded, when the national *tricolor* standard appeared on the bridge of the Enza, on the Modenese boundary, five miles east of Parma. The roads to the bridge were covered with people of all ranks, men, women, and children, walking, riding, driving to salute the *rainbow of liberty*. The young women cut up green, red, and white ribands, to make tricolored cockades and scarfs. The young men loaded their guns, and whetted the point of their poniards. Maria Louisa armed her twelve hundred grenadiers, levelled her six cannon, and harangued her troops on the square of her palace. Day and night her dragoons, with drawn swords and lighted torches, ran madly in different directions to clear the streets. There was a dead silence ; no movement of the people betokened that they had any thing at stake. But horses cannot run, nor soldiers watch, for ever. After three days of such vigorous patrolling, men and beasts were exhausted and sleepy. Maria Louisa asked a reinforcement of the Austrian garrison at Placentia ; the Austrian garrison replied, They had no orders.

The people peeped out at the windows. From the windows they began to shoot the dragoons as they passed ; then they sallied out into the streets, and, joining in formidable bands, drove those weary squadrons before them ; square after square, and row after row, the ducal troops lost ground, and the scene of the skirmishing was transferred to the doors of the palace. There the two factions stood confronting each other, each in their ranks, each under leaders measuring with their eyes the chances of the day. In that dreadful suspense, the Duchess, terrified, all bathed in tears, ap-

peared on her balcony appealing to the generous feelings of the multitude. The sight of her produced a wonderful sensation ; the people started in a single mass like a single body, rushed against her guards and artillery, and drove them against the palace walls. Her army was disarmed and dispersed under her eyes ; and, without firing a gun, or levelling a bayonet, she found herself at the mercy of her people.

The day being thus won for the liberals, a national guard and a provisional regency were organized. The state prisoners were liberated, and the former rulers proscribed. Maria Louisa was forced to sanction all acts by her name.

After two days of feverish anxiety, betaking herself to her natural defence of tears and swoons, she obtained her release. In vain the shrewd policy of the old Carbonari remonstrated against a measure, by which the people would be deprived of an important hostage, placed by Providence in their hands in case of a rupture with Austria. The chivalrous hearts of the youth who governed the insurgents were not proof against the aspect of feminine sorrow. A squadron of national guards was drawn up ; one of her carriages was brought forward ; and, surrounded by armed citizens in a formidable array, with tricolored banners waving around her, and national songs making the air ring, she was escorted for twelve miles, to the banks of the Po. There she bade farewell to subjects who loved her better, the greater the distance from which they viewed her.

She had no sooner withdrawn, than the people experienced how much better no master is, than the kindest of masters. For a month there was a universal jubilee. The people could not recover from the intoxication of their blessed independence. No order was broken ; no law violated ; public faith and honor were pledged for the public tranquillity. They felt that it is despotism alone that creates a rabble ; that in a free state there are only citizens.

Meanwhile Austria had leisure to come to an arrangement with Louis Philippe. Louis Philippe said ; " Let me alone, and I will leave others to take care of themselves." The Austrian battalions advanced.

The first blood was shed in the territory of Parma. It had Austrian garrisons on all sides. A detachment of national guards had advanced as far as Fiorenzuola, a little town ten miles from Placentia. They were two hundred young stu-

dents from the colleges, half soldiers, half demagogues, sent to stir up the spirits of the ignorant peasantry. Attacked in their sleep, in the dark, by a whole Hungarian regiment, with horse and artillery, surprised, drowsy, in disorder, they fought for two hours with severe loss to their enemies. Several of them died the death of the brave. A large number surrendered, and, with a rope round their necks, were led to Placentia, to which place Maria Louisa had received orders to repair with the remains of her court.

The people of Parma were awake from their happy dream by the news of the breach of the non-intervention. But they were not dismayed. Eight young men set out in disguise with postchaises, went across a portion of disputed territory, and, by a daring *camisado*, laid hands on the person of the bishop of Guastallo, an Austrian prelate, the confessor of Maria Louisa, and one of her favorites; and from the heart of his diocese, from the quiet of his palace, they drove him in triumph to Parma, where he was surrounded with guards, and kept as a hostage. He was compelled to write a letter to the Duchess, in which he assured her on the part of the rebels, that the touching of a hair of the head of one of her prisoners, would be the signal for him to ascend the gallows. Maria Louisa, out of kindness to her spiritual director, set her captives at liberty, and his Eminence was accordingly dismissed. He took his flight beyond the Alps, not stopping until he saw himself among his friends at home, whence he could never be induced to return.

The provisional governments ruled with wisdom and moderation, but answered very timidly to the enthusiastic confidence of the young. They saw how hopeless any resistance to Austria must prove. They made all efforts to persuade the most resolute, that the days of chivalry were over; and it was now a proof of patriotism to submit, to yield to an unconquerable fortune, and wait for better days.

On the 20th of March, at break of day, a thick, close column of eight hundred Austrian infantry appeared at the eastern, and six thousand at the western gate. The most obstinate champions had been dragged by main force, by their parents and friends, from the gates where they had sworn to fight to the last, and the Austrians entered undisturbed.

It is not our purpose to follow the defeat of the revolution of 1831 in the other states of Central Italy. The fate of Parma

was with little variety that of Modena, and of the different provinces of the Papal state. The events were so rapid, and succeeded each other so quietly, that the world took no notice of them ; and Austria made a mystery of the subject, as if she had been ashamed of her triumph.

Maria Louisa returned to her metropolis, to her silent and sullen metropolis. Shops and windows were shut up ; at the theatre some of her courtiers raised the cry, "Long live Maria Louisa ;" but the theatre was still as death. She confined herself to her palace, surrounded by Austrians, and proceeded against the rebels. None could be arrested but those who refused to fly. They were dragged before a regular tribunal, and judged according to the laws of the country. They underwent a long inquisition, but no crime could be proved against them. No witness could be found to testify, no judge to pronounce a conviction ; the witnesses and judges were Italians. Maria Louisa proclaimed an amnesty, in which she excepted only twenty-one individuals, against whom she entertained a personal antipathy. Rome and Modena proscribed their subjects by thousands.

Meanwhile, schooled by misfortune, the Duchess limited the number of her servants, gave up travelling and building, and sold part of her jewels. Private and public chagrins preyed upon her mind. One of her favorite ministers was stabbed in broad daylight in one of the most populous squares. Her Austrians had daily quarrels with her Italians. Earthquake, famine, and cholera, successively ravaged her states. The people murmured, as if she had been guilty of all public calamities.

She was called to Vienna, after a short lapse of time, to see her first-born pine slowly, and die in her arms. A few years afterwards, she received the last breath of the Emperor, her father. Her health, undermined by the long indulgence of a disorderly life, was now shaken by the repeated strokes of adversity. She had lived too fast ; she had soon reached her end. We know but little of the particulars of her death. According to the statement of the newspaper in which we read it, she appeared to have died at peace with Heaven, and pardoned by her subjects. The Italian motto is,

"Oltre il rogo non vive ira nemica."